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VALIANT

JUL NO.25
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TIM TRUMAN • RAGS MORALES

TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER

BIRTHQUAKE

DEEM

Lost in time, a 19th century Kiowa brave finds himself in today's world -- along with scores of vicious, technologically-enhanced bionisaurs. There is no choice...the warrior must now become --

TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER

THE PRODIGAL PART 2
THE RETURN

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TUROK!
...OOOOOFF...!?
Uuhhh... I... don't feel so hot... coach.
KETH? KETH PICTURE-MAKER?
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MY FRIEND. I--
TRAITOR! SERVANT OF THE FALSE MOTHER-GOD!
I PRAYED FOR SOMEONE TO HELP US! INSTEAD, THE DEVILS DROP YOU AND THE CHIEF OF THE HATED SPIDER PEOPLE FROM THE SKY!
I SWORE THAT IF I EVER SAW YOU AGAIN, I'D SLAY YOU, TUROK!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, KETH? WE WERE FRIENDS! WE HUNTED TOGETHER--FOUGHT TOGETHER!
I DID PLEDGE MY BOW TO THE MOTHERGOD! BUT I LEARNED TO HATE HER! LIKE YOU, I FOUGHT AGAINST HER! SURELY YOU KNEW THIS?
uuuhhh..

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I WILL KILL THIS FOOL OF A FOREST MAN QUICKLY, TUROK! THEN WE WILL BE ON OUR WAY!
CHICHAK! NO!
CRACK!
CHICHAK...
...I SAID NO.!
AARRGGHH!
STAY OUT OF THE WAY, BOY!

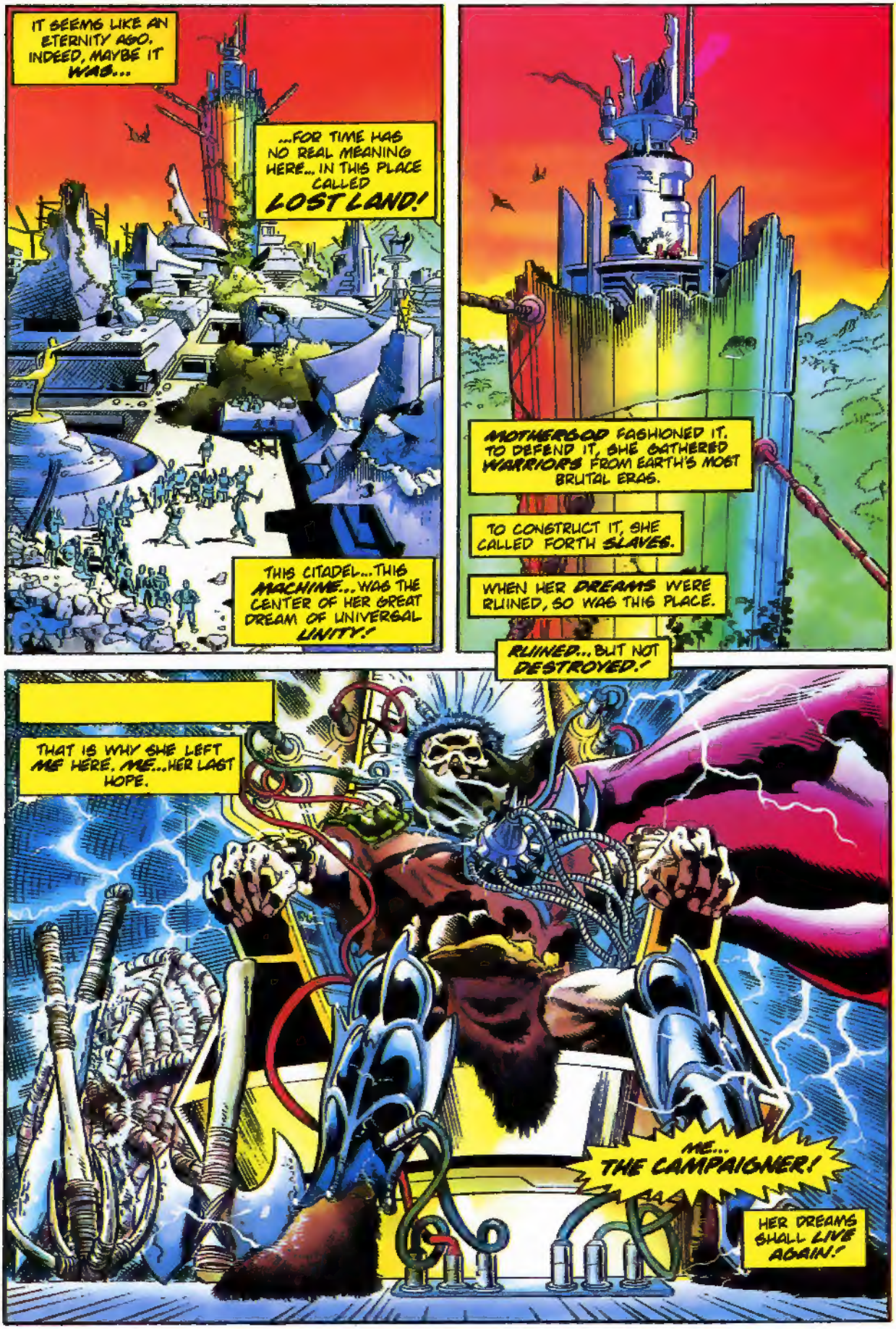
THE SCRAWNY LITTLE PIG THREATENS CHICHAK--INSULTS CHICHAK'S TRIBE--AND YOU EXPECT ME TO LET HIM LIVE?!
I OWE KETH MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW, CHICHAK.
NO HARM WILL EVER BEFALL HIM WHILE I'M NEAR!
SNAKE! DON'T THINK YOU CAN TRICK ME BY SHEDDING YOUR SKIN!
YES, WE WERE ONCE FRIENDS! I GAVE YOU AND ANDAR SHELTER! WE FOUGHT THE EVIL NOEL! BUT WHEN MOTHERGOD CAME YOU BECAME HER TRAINED PET!
YOU'RE WRONG, KETH. I--
FAREWELL, BETRAYER OF LOST LAND!

BYUR-AAARFF!
WHO IS THIS SICK BOY?
THIS CREATURE? PROBABLY A PET OF SOME SORT. OUR TRAVELS MADE HIS BELLY WEAK.
I'M SURPRISED YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE HIM, KETH. HIS NAME IS ANDY...
...YOUR GREAT GRANDSON!
ANDY IS THE GRANDSON OF MY OLD COMPANION ANDAR -- HUSBAND OF YOUR ELDEST DAUGHTER SHARMA.!
BAH.! YOU LIE.!
HE SMELLS OF METAL AND LIGHTNING.! HE'S NO BLOOD OF MINE.!

BELIEVE IT, KETH. THE GREAT LIGHT TOOK ANDAR AND YOUR SHARMA TO ANOTHER WORLD-- ANOTHER TIME!
THEY LIVED THERE A LONG TIME, AND HAD A CHILD. ANDY IS THE SON OF THAT CHILD.
I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND HOW THIS CAN BE. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF. BUT IT'S TRUE.
ARE YOU SAYING THAT THIS OLD GOAT IS A RELATIVE OF MINE?
OH, YES. AND THE WOMAN, TOO...
SHE IS MARI... YOUR GREAT AUNT. I WOULD IMAGINE THAT THE BABY IS A COUSIN!
STAY STILL, BOY! LET ME SEE YOUR FACE!

HIS EYES... HIS FACE...
...NO.' IT'S IMPOSSIBLE...!
...YET...
ARRRH! IT'S LIKE THE OLD DAYS, TUROK! YOU MAKE ME VERY CONFUSED!
YES. IT'S TRUE. I FEEL IT.
HE IS THE BLOOD OF OUR BLOOD. WELCOME HIM.
ON THIS DAY OF DEATH AND SORROW, MAYBE SOME THINGS ARE NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL. EH FATHER?

YES, MARI.
THERE'S BEEN TOO MUCH KILLING TODAY.
WE WELCOME YOU-- ALL OF YOU-- EVEN OUR OLD ENEMY, CHICHAK.
BAH!' THE FOREST PEOPLE THINK LIKE WOMEN, NOW.' EVEN THIER WOMEN THINK LIKE WOMEN.'
YES--MUCH IN LOST LAND HAS CHANGED SINCE YOU WERE AWAY, CHICHAK.'
I FEAR THAT I CAN'T TREAT YOU TO A MEAL, OLD FRIEND, OR SHOW YOU THE HOSPITALITY OF MY VILLAGE.
IN TRUTH, I HAVE NO MORE VILLAGE.
WHAT...?
DESTROYED... BY THE CAMPAIGNER AND HIS FOUL ARMY.'
SHOW ME YOUR VILLAGE, MY FRIENDS--AND TELL ME ABOUT THIS CAMPAIGNER.'

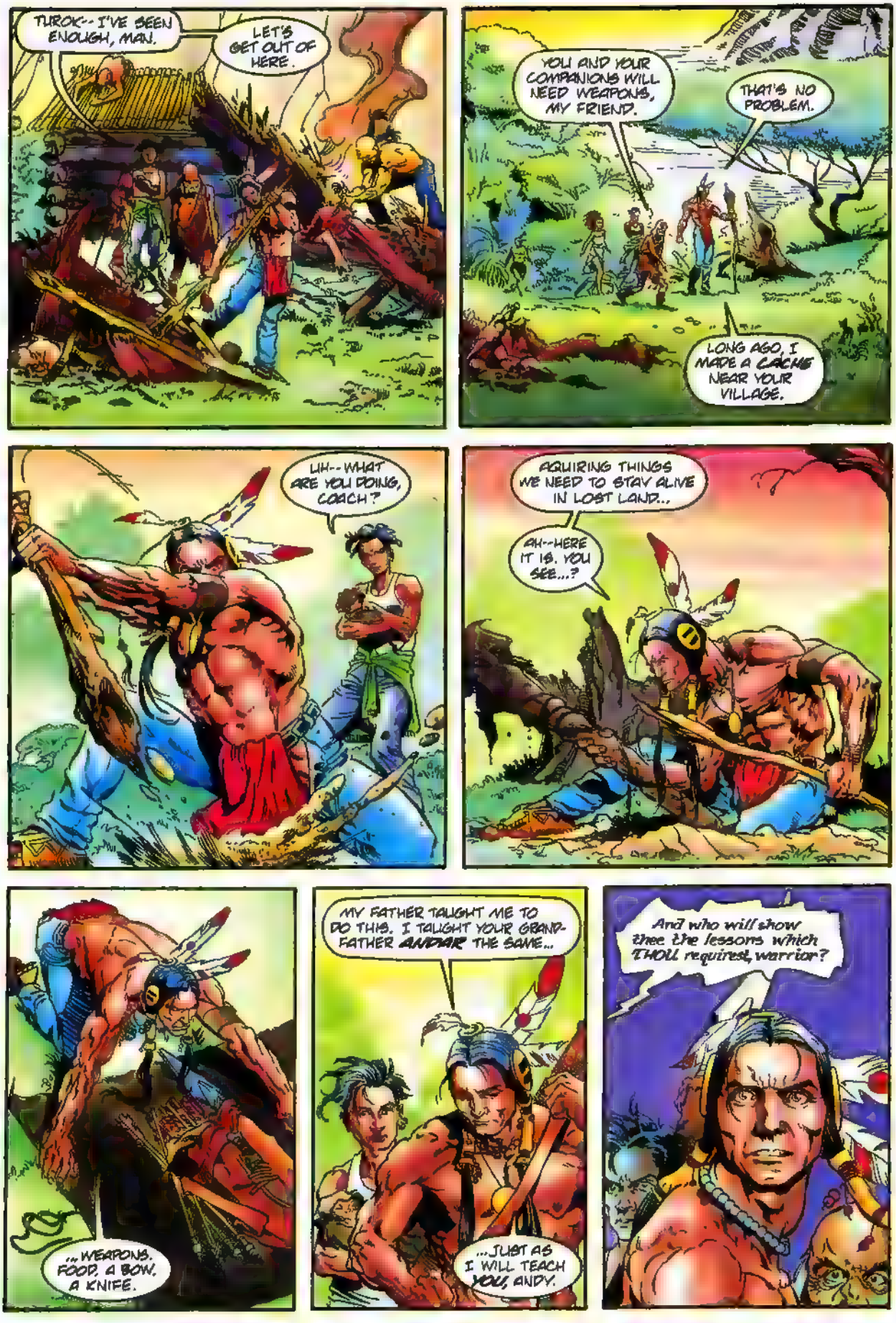

IT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY AGO. INDEED, MAYBE IT WAS...
...FOR TIME HAS NO REAL MEANING HERE... IN THIS PLACE CALLED LOST LAND!
THIS CITADEL...THIS MACHINE...WAS THE CENTER OF HER GREAT DREAM OF UNIVERSAL UNITY!
MOTHERGOD FASHIONED IT. TO DEFEND IT, SHE GATHERED WARRIORS FROM EARTH'S MOST BRUTAL ERAS.
TO CONSTRUCT IT, SHE CALLED FORTH SLAVES.
WHEN HER DREAMS WERE RUINED, SO WAS THIS PLACE.
RUINED...BUT NOT DESTROYED!
THAT IS WHY SHE LEFT ME HERE. ME...HER LAST HOPE.
ME... THE CAMPAIGNER!
HER DREAMS SHALL LIVE AGAIN!

YES...
I SHALL UNIFY LOST LAND.
THEN--I SHALL RULE IT! JUST AS ERICA PROMISED!
WORK IS ALMOST COMPLETED. I HAVE GATHERED MANY WARRIORS AND WORKERS FOR MY GREAT PURPOSE!
THE WARRIORS HELP ME GATHER MORE TRIBES, TO BEND TO THE WILL OF UNITY.
THE WORKERS COMPLETE REPAIRS ON THE GREAT TOWER!
EVERY DAY, THE ENERGY FIELD GETS STRONGER!
AND EVERY DAY, I BECOME MORE POWERFUL!
I SHALL EAT THE ENERGY AS MY ARMIES EAT THE LAND! SOON, WE WILL BE INVINCIBLE!

SOON!
VERY SOON!

Dead.
All dead.
GEEZ...
COME. LET'S GO DOWN.

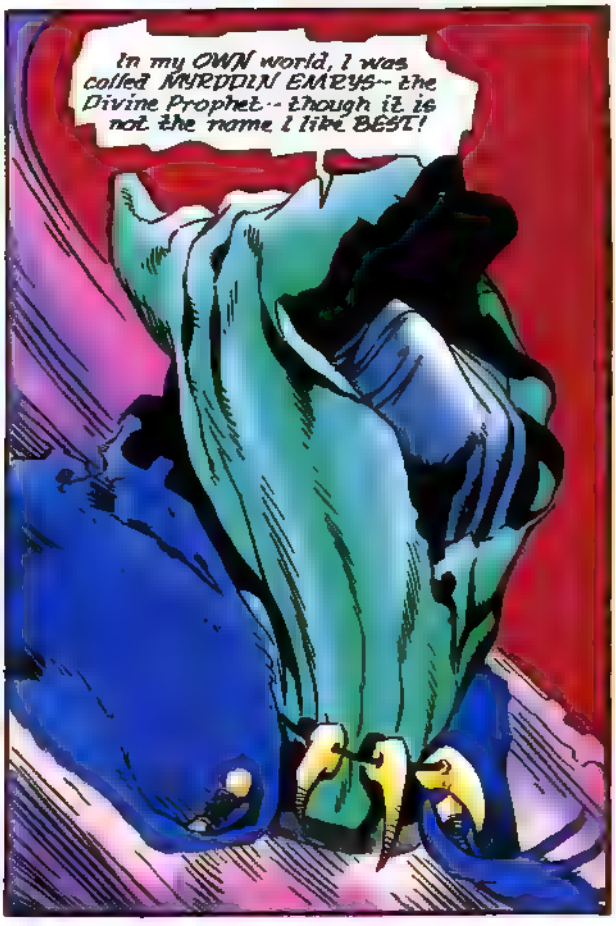
YOU SEE, TUROK? JUST AS I TOLD YOU. MY PEOPLE--ALL DEAD--SLAIN BY THE CAMPAIGNER'S ARMY!
THEY SAY HE WAS MOTHERGOD'S GREATEST WARRIOR. YOU KNEW HIM?
ERICA HAD MANY WARRIORS. I COULDN'T KNOW THEM ALL.
YOU REMEMBER CASIUS OF SAMOTHRACE? HE BECAME OUR CHIEF WHEN TROS DIED.
OLD CASIUS RESISTED THE CAMPAIGNER'S DEMANDS THAT WE JOIN HIS UNIFICATION ARMY. THE MONSTER GREW TIRED OF OUR STUBBORNESS.
OLD CASIUS? YOUNG CASIUS, WHEN I KNEW HIM. A GOOD WARRIOR.
NOW THERE IS NO CHIEF...NO WARRIORS.
YOU LIVED WITH THESE PEOPLE, TUROK?
NO. YOUR GRANDFATHER ANDAR DID, AFTER WE SEPARATED. HE LOVED THEM DEARLY.
WE CANNOT BURY THEM ALL.
NO. BUT WE WILL BURY SOME.
SO--YOU'LL JOIN ME, AND TRY TO FIND OTHERS WHO WILL RESIST THE CAMPAIGNER?
YOU ALREADY KNOW MY ANSWER, KETH.


TUROK-- I'VE SEEN ENOUGH, MAN.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS WILL NEED WEAPONS, MY FRIEND.
THAT'S NO PROBLEM.
LONG AGO, I MADE A CACHE NEAR YOUR VILLAGE.
UH-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING, COACH?
ACQUIRING THINGS WE NEED TO STAY ALIVE IN LOST LAND...
AH-- HERE IT IS. YOU SEE...?
...WEAPONS. FOOD. A BOW. A KNIFE.
MY FATHER TAUGHT ME TO DO THIS. I TAUGHT YOUR GRANDFATHER ANDAR THE SAME...
...JUST AS I WILL TEACH YOU, ANDY.
And who will show thee the lessons which THOU requirest, warrior?

A DEMON!
DEMON? Perhaps. I have been called many things...
"...Devil." "Wizard." "Doctor." "Fake"...

SEER!

Aye--"Seer," too. At least, by the time-snatched vagabonds of THIS Lost Land!


In my OWN world, I was called MYRDDIN EMRYS-- the Divine Prophet-- though it is not the name I like BEST!

I know THY names, Zoo!
CHICHAK, lord of the brutal Spider People! KETH, picture-maker and story-keeper of the Forest Tribes!
Proud MARI, daughter of Keth! Her son, NI-ZAK!
ANDY, the young warrior-apprentice!
And not least of all, TUROK, of the KIOWA-APACHE! Turok, the SON OF STONE! Hunter of Monsters! Teacher! TRAITOR!
TUROK--the PRODIGAL OF LOST LAND, now RETURNED!

ARH! HIS SQUEEKING HURTS MY EARS!
I'LL CRUSH HIM, TUROK. THEN WE'LL MOVE ON.

NO, CHICHAK-- AT LEAST, NOT YET.
HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT US, HALF-MAN?

Because it is my POWER.
Thine OWN people have SEERS. There is little difference between the Kiowa-Apache and the Celts, I think.

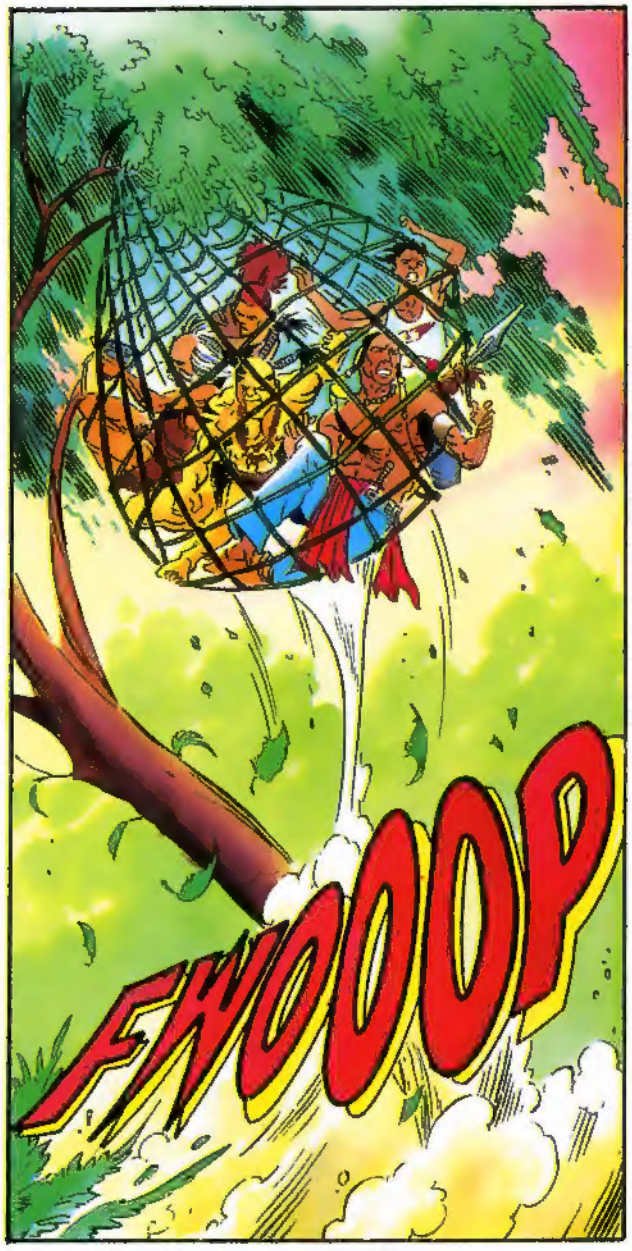
Like thee, I once served the mad Mothergod. But unlike thee, I never left...

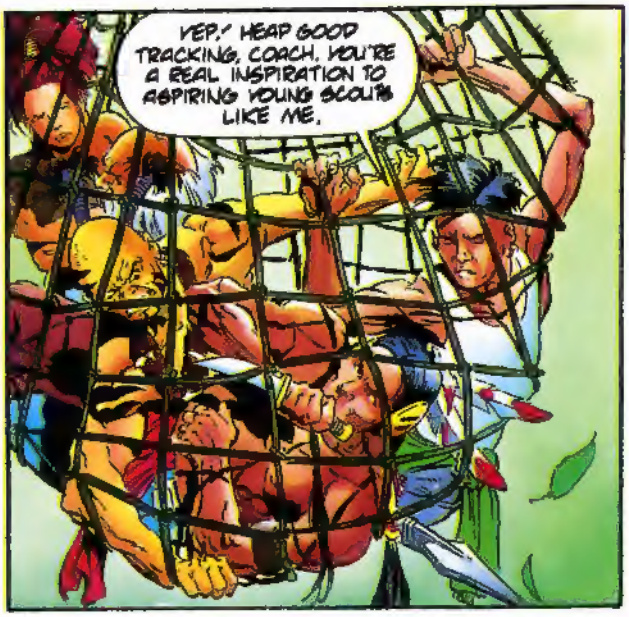
...nor will I ever truly be Myrddin Emrys AGAIN!
This Lost Land is my DOOM, Son of Stone-- as it is THINE!

NO ONE THREATENS ME, SEER!
HA! Am I a THREAT to thee? Perhaps... perhaps not.
Things are never as they SEEM!
N--NI-BAK...?
VYAAAAHHH!
SKREEE!
MY CHILD!

Ni-Zak... come to me, sweet one.
Yes. That's it...
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY BABY, DEMON?!
Why, thy babe is HERE, Milody.
In LOST LAND, never trust what thine EYES tell thee!
Go now, if thou must! THERE, in the ruins of Mothergod's magic KEEP, lies thy DESTINY!
But REMEMBER the lesson I have taught thee, warrior...!

...the CAMPAIGNER is not whom he APPEARS.
Nor is THY DESTINY in Lost Land what IT SEEMS, Turok!
TUROK?
THIS PLACE BITES.
IF WE DON'T FIND SHELTER, YOU'LL LIKE IT LESS.
KETH, IS THERE A CAVE NEARBY WHERE WE CAN REST?
BETTER THAN THAT. THE VILLAGE OF THE WINGED MEN IS CLOSE. IT'S SAID THEY HAVE A NEW HOLY MAN--A STRANGE FELLOW NAMED ARCHER!
PERHAPS WE CAN CONVINCE THEM TO JOIN OUR WAR AGAINST THE CAMPAIGNER!
THEN LEAD ON. IT'S AS GOOD A PLACE TO START AS ANY.
SNA-AAP!


FWOOP


YEP.' HEAP GOOD TRACKING, COACH. YOU'RE A REAL INSPIRATION TO ASPIRING YOUNG SCOUTS LIKE ME.

JUST SHUT UP AND CUT, BEFORE WHOEVER SET THIS TRAP DISCOVERS US!
TOO LATE.

No way.

WELL, TIE A KNOT IN ME ONE-EYED WILLY, PROTO ME LAD! WILL YE LOOKEE HERE?
YER DEAR CAP'N RED DONE NETTED HIM A SURPRISIN' KETTLE O' GUPPIES, INDEED!

CAPTAIN RED'S BACK, AND LOSTLAND'S GOT 'IM!

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

Maurice Fontenot, *Editor* • Robin Klein, *Assistant Editor*

TRIBAL WRITES

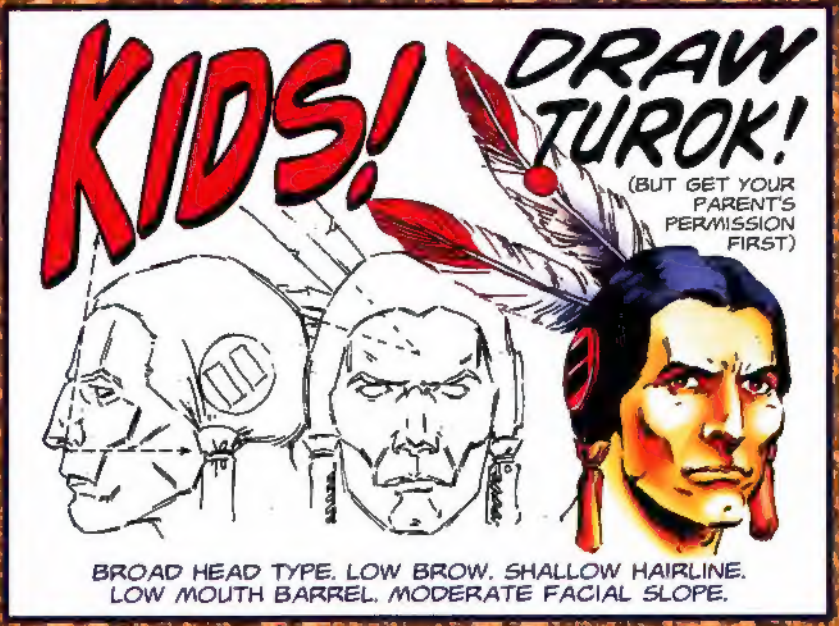
Turok, here. Andy and I were talking and we realized that we wanted a way of communicating with you. We believe it is important to stay in touch with everything and everyone as much as possible. The way to survive is to be one step ahead, to go forth with knowledge. To do that, we want to know what you think of us and our lives.

This will be our forum, a way for us to breach the gap between our worlds, to strengthen our ties. Write in, and one or both of us will get back to you. And, as a token of our friendship, we will send you a special gift.

We thought it might interest you to see how another breach in space, time and reality is overcome, through the artistry of Rags Morales. He has carefully mapped out for you a "Draw Turok" design. Try it. I will be honored....

SEND ALL LETTERS, DRAWINGS, AND PEACE OFFERINGS TO:
TUROK LETTERS
c/o Acclaim Comics
275 Seventh Ave. 14th Flr.
New York, NY 10001

NEXT ISSUE: The return of Captain Red! Don't miss Red as he battles alongside Turok, Andy, Chichak and the others to save Lost Land from the Campaigner! This promises to be one great battle royal, complete with a surprise Valiant guest star from the past!

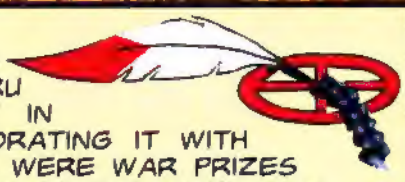


BROAD HEAD TYPE. LOW BROW. SHALLOW HAIRLINE. LOW MOUTH BARREL. MODERATE FACIAL SLOPE.

WHEN WESTERN PUBLISHING FIRST PUT OUT TUROK, THEY NEVER SAID SPECIFICALLY WHAT TRIBE HE WAS FROM. TIM TRUMAN, AFTER CAREFUL STUDY, DECIDED THAT THE KIOWA WAS A LOGICAL CHOICE. HE AND I THEN COLLABORATED ON BRINGING FORTH HIS TRADITION WHILE STILL MAINTAINING HIS ORIGINAL LOOK.

OFTEN, WHEN WE ARTISTS TAKE ON AN ASSIGNMENT, THE TEMPTATION TO LEAVE OUR MARK ON IT CAN BE VERY SEDUCTIVE. IF YOU HAVE AN URGE TO HAVE FUN WITH TUROK, OK - BUT MAKE SURE IT'S CAREFULLY REFERENCED AND OF KIOWA, KIOWA-APACHE ORIGIN. UNDER NO ILLOGICAL CIRCUMSTANCES SHOULD WE DEVIATE FROM THE ABOVE CONCEPT OF THIS CHARACTER. THAT MEANS NO SPANDEX, NO NIKES, NO MUSCLE SHIRTS: NOTHING MODERN IS APPEALING TO TUROK (FASHION-WISE) TO THIS POINT, SO RESTRICT YOURSELF FROM VOGUEING THE T-MAN. IF IT'S FASHION YOU WANT, DROP TUROK AND GO TO MARVEL AND DRAW BARBIE! -RAGS MORALES

SCALP LOCK FROM CHILDHOOD: INDIAN MOMS WOULD PULL THE HAIR THRU THE DISK AND BRAID IT IN SECURELY - OFTEN DECORATING IT WITH FEATHERS. SCALP LOCKS WERE WAR PRIZES FOR THE CONQUEROR, AND TO CUT ONE'S OWN LOCK WAS AN ACT OF COWARDICE.



BREECHCLOUT OR INDIAN UNDEROO: BELOW IS AN EXAMPLE OF HOW THESE WERE WORN. WHEN INTRODUCED TO PANTS, INDIANS FOUND THEM BINDING AND UNCOMFORTABLE - THEY THEN CUT THE CROTCH OUT AND WORE THEIR CLOUTS. WEARING A CLOUT WITHOUT LEGGINGS WAS OFTEN DONE AT HOME, KNOCKING ABOUT THE TEPEE. LEGGINGS ARE FOR PROTECTION FROM BRUSH AND SUCH WHILE OUT IN THE PLAINS.